moving day

ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

$15.00

FROM WILLIAM HIGGINS MOVING IN STARRING **MICK HUNTER AND SCOTT SEDGWICK**

ALL COLOR FROM WILLIAM HIGGINS CALIFORNIA

ALL MODELS 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER

THE DESIGN OF THIS MAGAZINE INCLUDING ALL PHOTOGRAPHS ARE COPYRIGHTED MATERIAL.
COPYRIGHT © MCMLXXXIII BY LAGUNA PACIFIC, LTD. 7985 SANTA MONICA BLVD., SUITE 109-20, WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA. 90046.
THEY MAY NOT BE REPRODUCED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

moving day

STARRING

MICK HUNTER AND SCOTT SEDGWICK

FROM WILLIAM HIGGINS MOVING IN

Any day a fellow moves away from home and into his first apartment is a pretty exciting one. But the day Nick Hunter and Scott Sedgwick took up residence together turned out to be more exciting than most!

By the time they'd both gotten jobs and saved up enough to rent their own place, it seemed like it'd been coming forever. They'd been best buddies all through high school and were both attending classes at a local junior college, so they knew they'd hit it off as roommates. It was a one bedroom, but they figured they'd split it in half and still have their own space.

When the day finally came, they found out just how much hassle moving can be. "Gawd," Scott moaned as they lugged in still more boxes of books and records into an already crammed apartment. I hope we can fit everything into this place." "I know. . .we haven't started living here yet and we already need a bigger place!" Scott, always the joker, dropped a heavy box of textbooks onto the floor and cracked, "Yeah, I don't think we better have any kids for awhile!" Nick howled and the two of them went back out for the last load.

But there was a strange silence this last trip up from the car to the apartment. Scott's last line had somehow hit home, and now both of them were lost in thought. Even though they'd grown up together, they'd never touched except the usual grab-assing and teasing. But there was always an attraction between the dark-haired Scott and lighter-haired Nick. And if the truth were known, if either of them had said what was really on their minds, it'd probably be pretty similar.

Scott had always felt an attraction to his bigger-built buddy. Nick had grown into quite a strapping young stud. Broad-shouldered and slim-waisted, whenever the former high school wrestler looked at his pal with those big brown eyes, Scott melted inside. And in the showers at school, Scott had always noticed Nick's more-than-adequate dick swinging free—and that was limp! Scott had always put those thoughts out of his mind because he figured any guy who was as popular with the chicks as Nick was had to be super-straight.

LOS ANGELES
85

"...Scott...pulled out a dick that made his eyes wide as saucers."

"...I want you to give me some head!"

"You think you can handle it?"

Little did Scott realize that Nick had always had a thing for his smaller-built friend with the flashing dark eyes. He'd noticed Scott in the showerroom, and he was also attracted to the smooth-bodied, easy-going classmate with the baby-smooth and very fuckable ass. But he too had never made a move for fear of fucking up a perfect friendship.

But now, as they trudged up the stairs to the apartment with the last of the boxes, Nick was behind Scott and couldn't keep his eyes off that pair of buns in front of him. Scott's line about not having kids had put ideas in his head all right. Maybe his buddy really did mess around and he'd never known it. But right now all Nick knew was that watching those twin cakes had given his dick a rise and he wasn't quite sure what he was going to do about it.

As for Scott, he'd already regretted his crack. He was afraid it had given his buddy misgivings about sharing the same bedroom with him. He wished he could take it back or better yet, he wished Nick hadn't even heard it! So he decided to act as if nothing had ever been said.

Once they deposited the last of the boxes in the apartment, they both collapsed on the couch and groaned. "I don't know about you buddy, but I don't feel like unpacking tonight," Nick said. "I'm with you," Scott laughed, "what we should do is set up the TV, order a pizza and get a six-pack!" That was all that was needed. While Nick set up the TV, Scott was out the door and down to the corner for the beer and the pizza.

That evening, they sat side by side on the couch, with all their worldly belongings around them, sipping beer and loving their first night of life away from the nest. But strangely, not much was said. They were content to sit and sip and enjoy each other's company. But the rise in Nick's pants never had disappeared. In fact, after a coupla beers, it seemed to get a little bigger, and at one point, he tried to adjust his crotch so that his pal didn't notice. But Scott, who never misses anything, could see what was happening and even before that had noticed his buddy's below-the-belt bulge.

Finally Nick, the more aggressive of the two, decided it was getting a little tight down there and made the first move. "I don't know about you, Scott, but all this moving and all this beer's got me so horny I could fuck anything!" Scott broke into a big grin and looked Nick squarely in those big brown eyes. "You want me to get you a pillow?" Nick roared as usual. He always thought everything Scott said was funny. But then suddenly he was serious once again. "No, I want you to give me some head!" Scott's grin disappeared but he didn't take his eyes off Nick's. He wanted to make sure it wasn't just the beer talking. He realized it wasn't and that his buddy really was serious. "Is that what you want?" Scott asked in dead earnest. After a beat, Nick reached over and took Scott's hand and put it on his now fully erect dick. "Yes, that's what I want."

Scott's hot hand squeezed the thick dick beneath his pal's pants a couple times and then he said, looking down at the bulge, "You don't think we'll regret it tomorrow?" Nick smiled, "I know I won't!" That was all Scott needed. While Nick watched, Scott began undoing the buttons on his pal's pants and pulled out a dick that made his eyes wide as saucers. He tried to wrap one of his hands around it. "You think you can handle it?" Nick asked. Scott didn't answer. He just brought his mouth down, flicked his tongue over the tip of the already-leaking cockhead, and then awkwardly tried to take half the dick into a mouth that was hotter than his hand. At first he was all teeth, but Nick, who was already moaning, could have cared less. He figured Scott would get used to it sooner or later.

And that he did. Pretty soon, with that thick dick slippery from the licking and sucking Scott's young mouth was doing on it, Nick was able to push his little buddy's mouth down until at least seven full inches were being taken in with each downward thrust. Scott choked and sputtered and his eyes watered, but he loved it. If this was what being roommates was all about, he was sorry they'd both waited so long!

Before long, they both wanted out of their clothes and off that couch. The living room floor provided much more room to roll around on. With Scott's

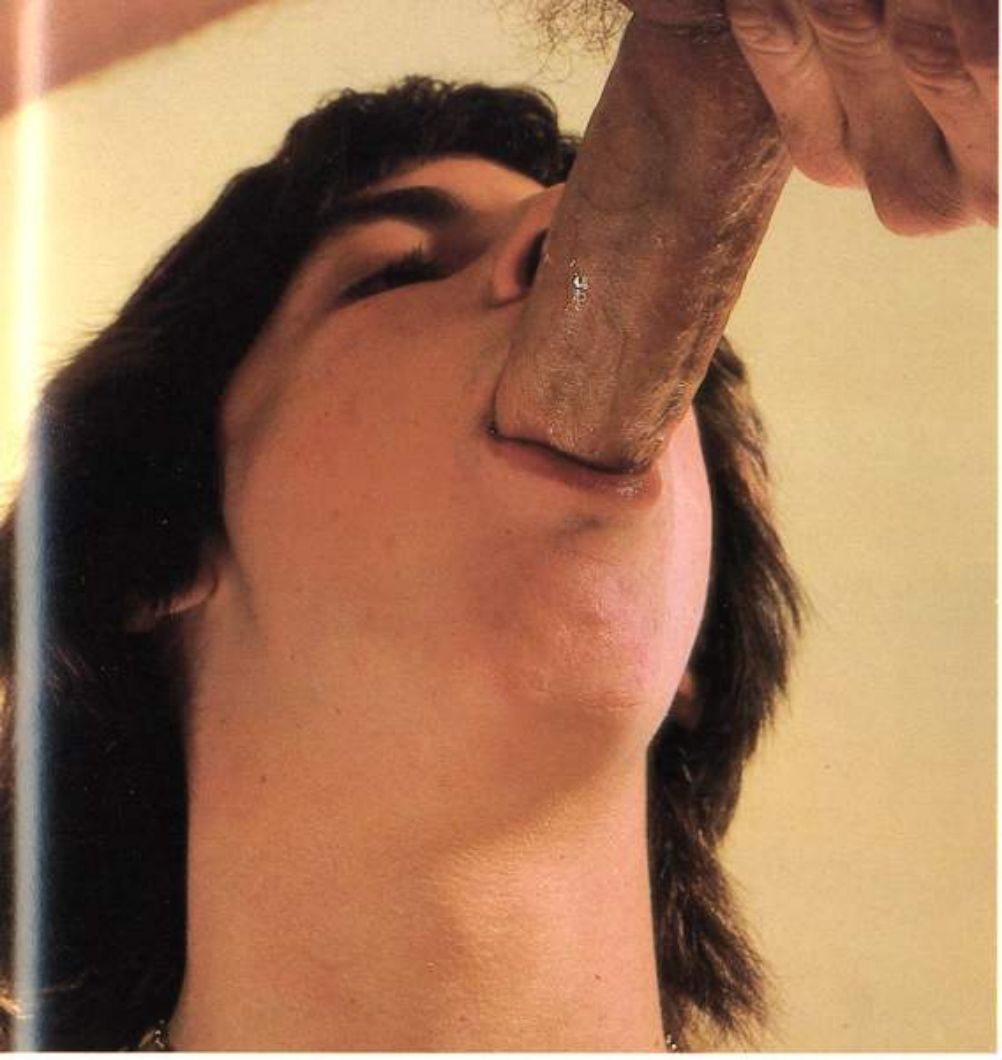
". . . Nick was able to push his little buddy's mouth down until at least seven full inches were being taken in with each downward thrust."

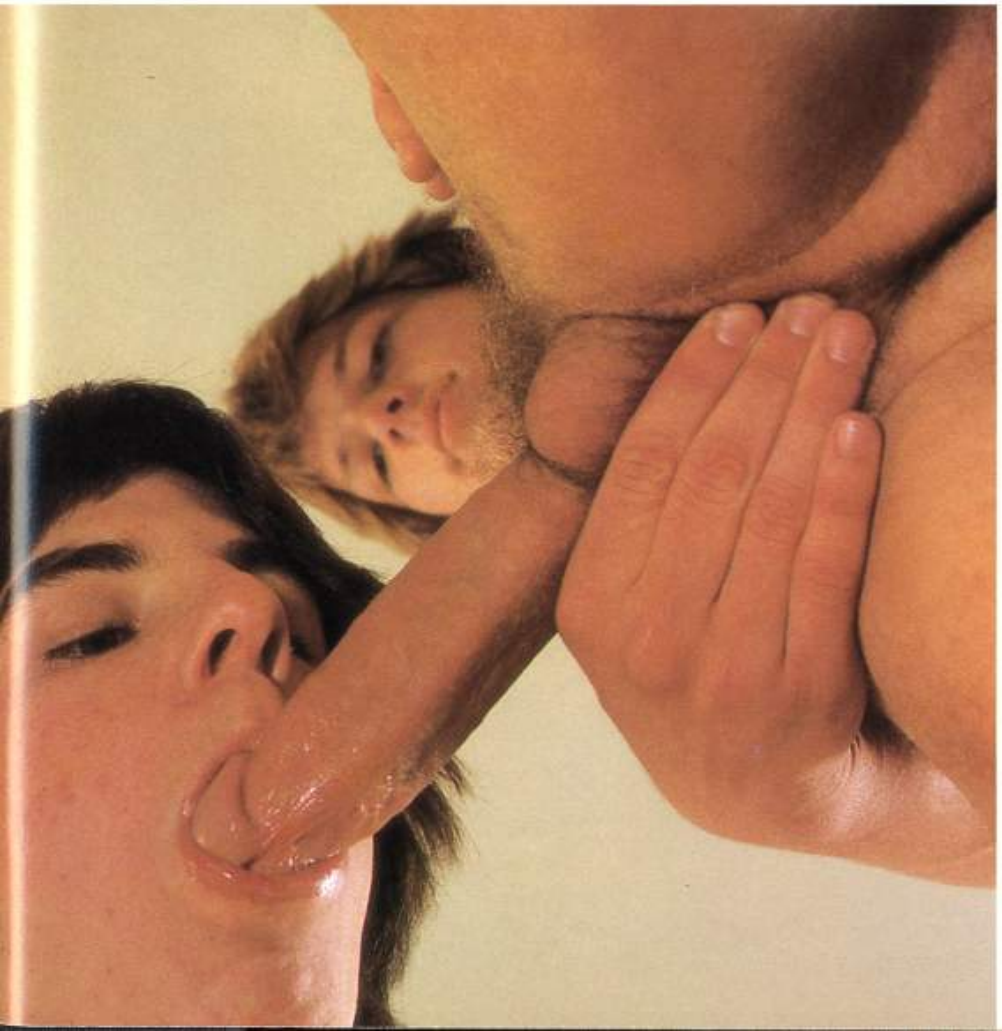
clothes off, Nick was surprised at how well-hung his little buddy was. But it was nothing compared to the whopper Nick had between his legs and which liked one thing more than getting head. Fucking. Nick remembered those baby-smooth asscheeks he'd seen on his buddy in the showers, and right now he decided it was time to take possession of them. With his strong wrestler's hands, he reached back and grabbed one in each hand and squeezed. Scott, with that cock gagging him, didn't realize at first what Nick was up to, but when he felt one of Nick's fingers begin inching its way towards his virgin hole, it suddenly dawned on him the blow job was just the beginning of the session!

After awhile, Nick's finger had worked its way into Scott's tight hole, and he realized Scott's mouth was nothing compared to the heat up in that butthole. "I want to fuck you, Scott," he whispered. With that, Scott stopped sucking, thought a moment and then looked up into Nick's eyes. "Gawd, I don't know, buddy," he said in a frightened voice. "I don't know if I can take it. I don't even know if I want to try." They just stared at each other and Nick's brown eyes begged. Scott never could say no to those eyes.

They got some vaseline out of a box and Scott really got worried when Nick began greasing up that flagpole he called a dick. It must have been a full nine inches long and too thick to put one hand around at the base. Nick saw the fear in Scott's eyes. "Don't worry. . .you know I'd never do anything to hurt you." Scott knew it too. He'd never known his best friend to lie or let him down. But this was some favor his pal wanted—his cherry ass!

Scott stood up and Nick got behind him and slapped generous gobs of grease onto Scott's fuckhole. "Jeezus, I don't know. . ." Scott said as Nick moved in for the kill. He bent over slightly and Nick grabbed ahold of him by the waist and pulled him back towards that stiff-as-a-two-by-four dick. "I'll take it easy," Nick whispered as the tip of his fat cockhead touched up against Scott's tighter-than-tight hole. "It'll never go in," Scott said, "it'll tear me up." But Nick knew it would go in, and he intended to put it in.





He pushed ever so gently and at last the cockhead began to inch its way into the quivering, puckered hole. Scott sucked air and tightened up. "No . . . relax . . ." Nick whispered in a reassuring voice, and when Scott did, more of the dick pushed inward until the fat cockhead was at last breaking and entering. "Gawd . . ." Scott groaned. "Once it's in, it won't hurt," Nick told him as if he knew. But even he wasn't sure. He'd never fucked a guy before and even girls said it was too big for them. But the beer had relaxed both of them and the human mind can achieve most anything.

Before either of them knew it, half the nine inches was up inside that virgin, hot-as-hell hole, and Nick knew it was so tight it wasn't going to take him long to shoot a load he'd wanted to give his friend for years. Scott was taking hold of his own big dick and whipping it off to beat hell easier.

"Let's get down on the rug," Nick suggested, "it'll be easier for me to get in all the way." Scott was surprised. "You mean it isn't even in yet?" He reached back and felt the stiff pole that was only half buried up inside him. He couldn't believe it. It'd already felt like he'd been impaled on a bedpost.

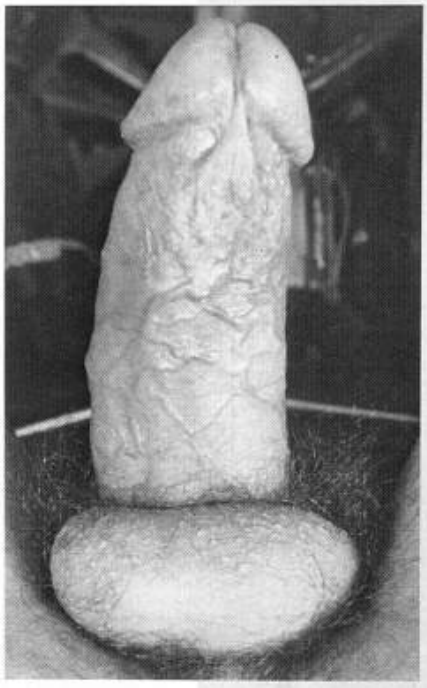
Nick slowly pulled his wet dick out of Scott's ass, and strangely enough, Scott hated to see it go. It had just begun to feel good. But Nick got his buddy down on his back and entered again. This time the getting-in was easier, and before long, Nick was able to plunge all nine inches in up to the balls with each thrust. And every time he did, he'd hit Scott's swollen prostate and a drop of jism would emerge from Scott's ready-to-pop dick. "I don't know how much more I can take before I shoot," Scott whispered. Nick understood. He was already a second away from letting his own load go. "Okay, let's go," Nick said.

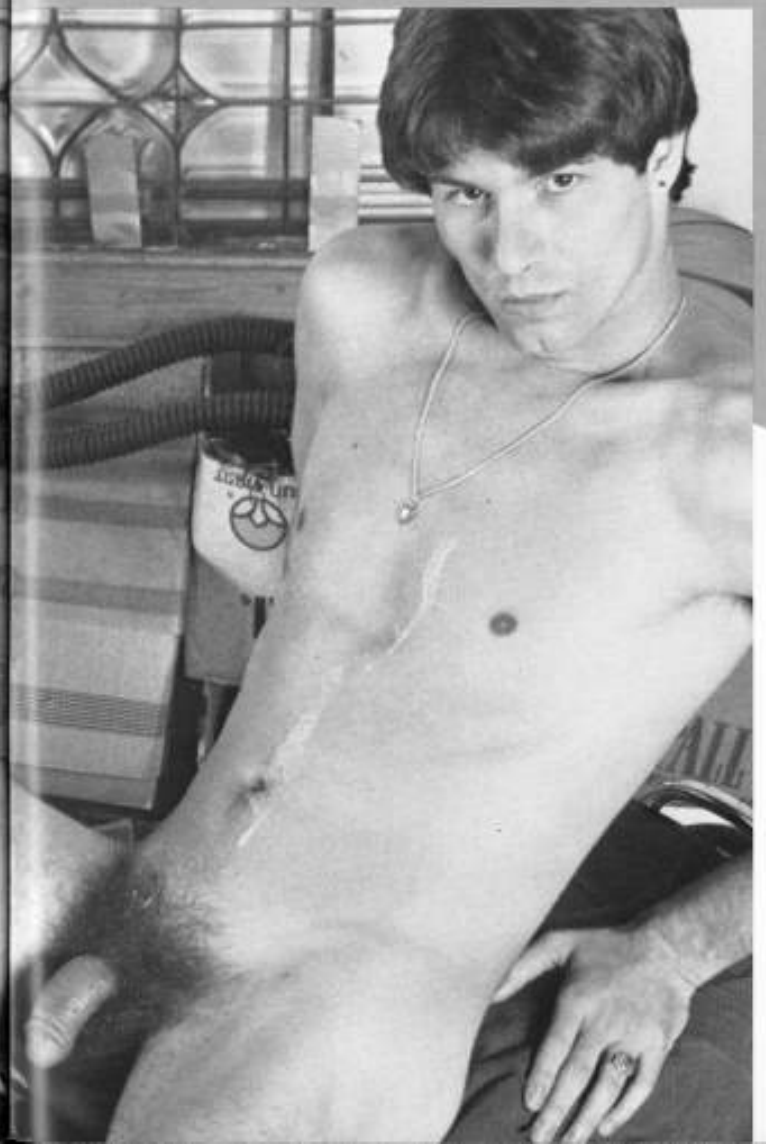
Suddenly Nick pulled his engorged dick out and shot spurt after spurt up onto his friend's stomach and Scott began moaning and using Nick's hot cum to bring his own big load up and out. When they'd milked the last drops out, Scott's stomach was covered with fuckjuice and they both lay side-by-side on the carpet, still panting. Finally Scott broke the silence with one of his cracks. "Hey, you think maybe we oughta trade in the twin beds for a double one?" Scott roared for a moment and then said, "You know that might be a pretty good idea."

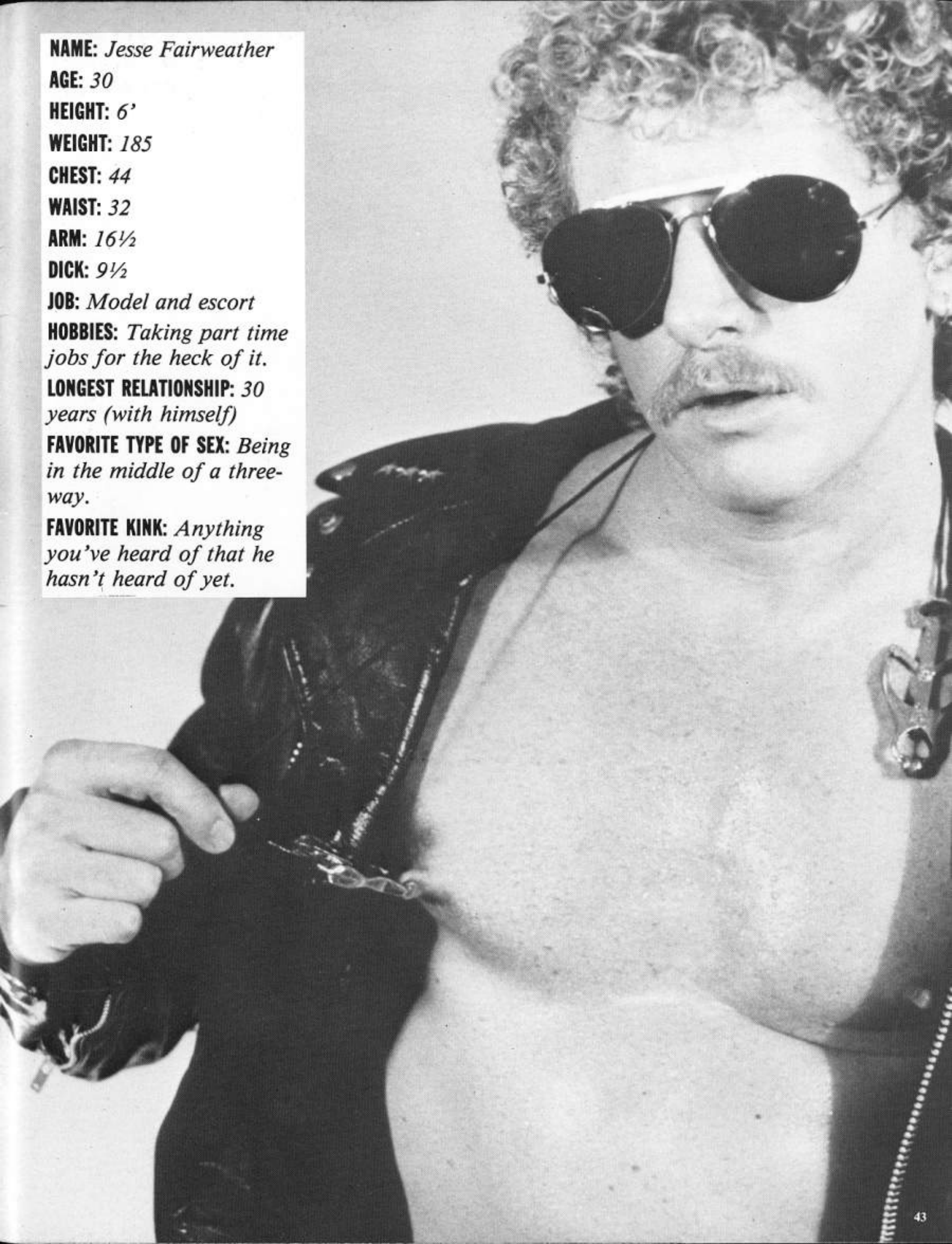
". . . Nick knew it was so tight it wasn't going to take him long to shoot a load he'd wanted to give his friend for years."

"...Scott began moaning and using Nick's hot cum to bring his own big load up and out."

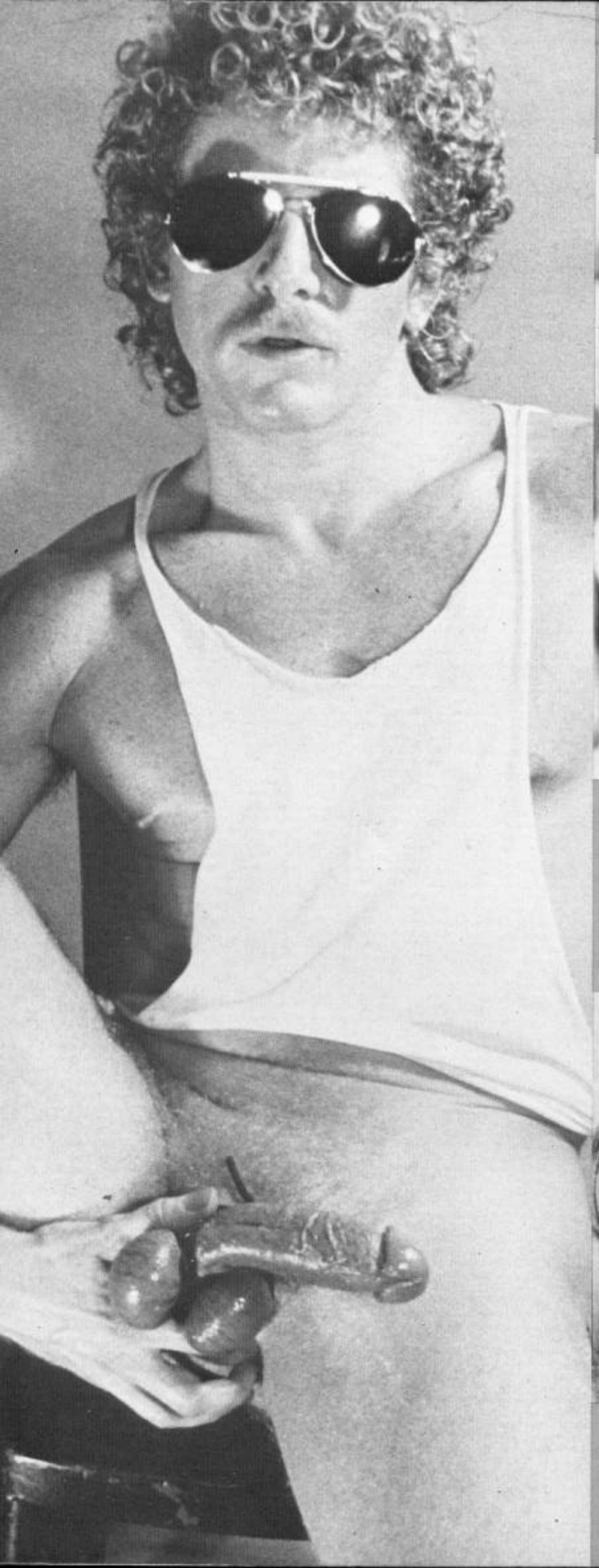
Sale to minors strictly forbidden

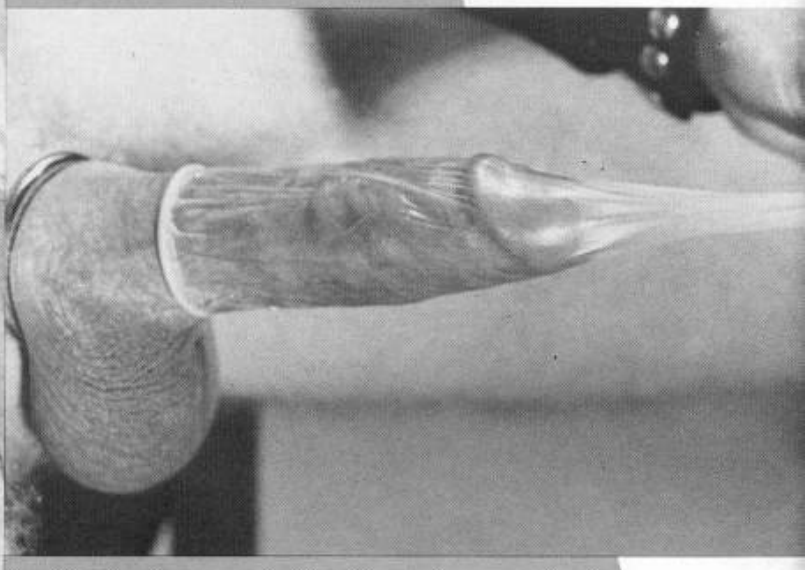


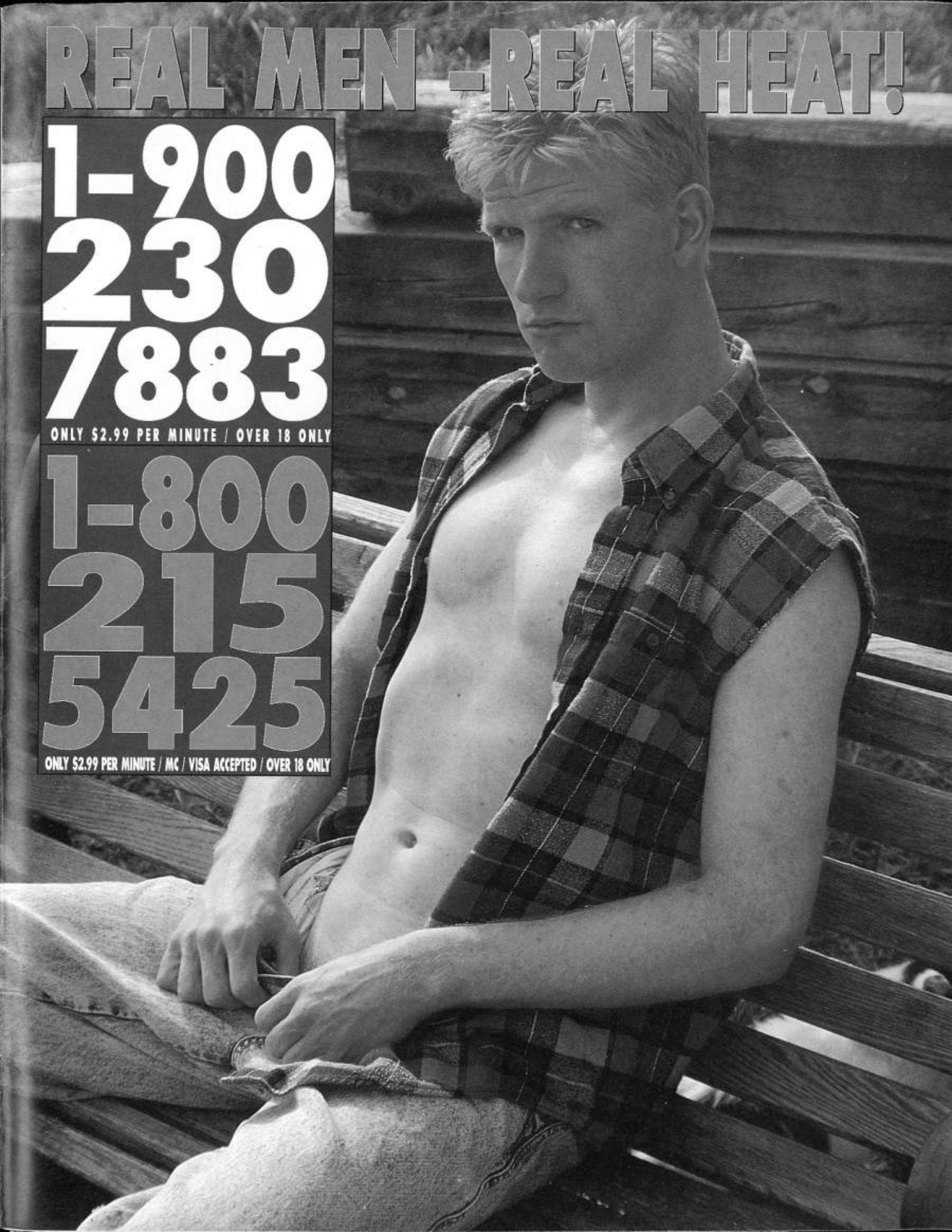


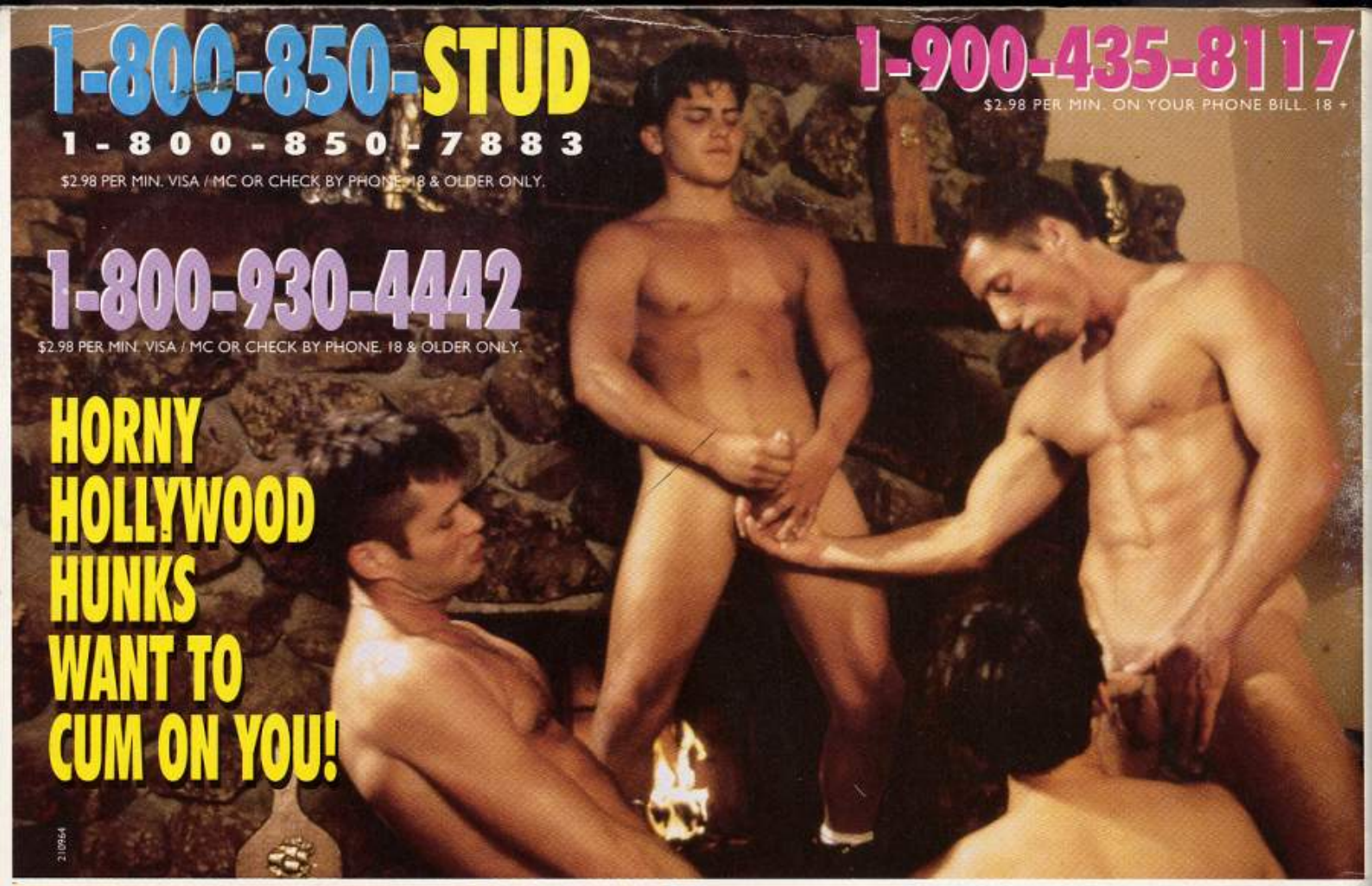


NAME: *Jesse Fairweather*
AGE: *30*
HEIGHT: *6'*
WEIGHT: *185*
CHEST: *44*
WAIST: *32*
ARM: *16½*
DICK: *9½*
JOB: *Model and escort*
HOBBIES: *Taking part time jobs for the heck of it.*
LONGEST RELATIONSHIP: *30 years (with himself)*
FAVORITE TYPE OF SEX: *Being in the middle of a three-way.*
FAVORITE KINK: *Anything you've heard of that he hasn't heard of yet.*






REAL MEN - REAL HEAT!
1-900
230
7883
ONLY $2.99 PER MINUTE / OVER 18 ONLY
1-800
215
5425
ONLY $2.99 PER MINUTE / MC / VISA ACCEPTED / OVER 18 ONLY


1-800-850-STUD
1-800-850-7883
$2.98 PER MIN. VISA / MC OR CHECK BY PHONE. 18 & OLDER ONLY.
1-900-435-8117
$2.98 PER MIN. ON YOUR PHONE BILL. 18 +
1-800-930-4442
$2.98 PER MIN. VISA / MC OR CHECK BY PHONE. 18 & OLDER ONLY.
HORNY HOLLYWOOD HUNKS WANT TO CUM ON YOU!

ALL LIVE!
I'LL COME IN YOUR MOUTH!
1-800-996-1117
$2.98 PER MIN. VISA / MC OR CHECK BY PHONE. 18 & OLDER ONLY.
1-900-435-4008
$2.98 PER MIN. ON YOUR PHONE BILL. 18 +
24 HRS!

1-800-437-2224
$2.98 PER MIN. VISA / MC OR CHECK BY PHONE. 18 & OLDER ONLY.
WE'LL SUCK YOU DRY!
1-900-435-5111
$2.98 PER MIN. VISA / MC OR CHECK BY PHONE. 18 & OLDER ONLY.